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Cocker's Morals,

OR THE

MUSES

Spring-Garden,

Adorned with many Sententious

Diſticks and Poems,

In ALPHABETICAL ORDER.

Fitted for the Uſe of all Publick and Private Grammar and Writing Schools, for the Scholars of the firſt to turn into Latin, and for thoſe of the other to Tranſcribe into all their various and curious Hands.

Omne Bonum, Deo Donum.

By *Edward Cocker*, Practitioner in the Arts of Writing, Arithmetick, and Engraving, and publiſhed for the benefit of Learners.

London, Printed for *Thomas Lacy*, at the *Golden Lion* near the *Meal-Market* in *Southwarke*, *Stationer*, 1694.

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[illegible]

By Edward Cocker, Professor and Master of Writing Arithmetic, and Engraving, [illegible]

[illegible]

To my Honoured FRIEND

Mr. *ELEAZAR WIGAN*

That Famous Writing-Master, Living at the Hand and Pen on Great *Tower-Hill*, *LONDON.*

TO you, you rare Commander of the Quill,
Whose Wit, and Worth; deep Learning and high Skil,
Speak you the Honour of Great Tower-Hill.

How said I, Honour of Great Tower-Hill?
Yea, all Great *London*, all the World, your Skill,
Will with excessive admiration fill.

To You, th' ensuing Verses I present,
Whose great Imployments, prudent Management,
Proclaims your Skill, and Conduct, Excellent.

Crown them with Rayes of your auspitious Sight;
Survey them first; then let them take their flight,
For every Learner's Profit and Delight.

Thus, round the World, you will *Uranie* send;
Thus will her spreading Wings your Fame extend;
And thus, you will endear your real Friend.

Edward Cocker.

To the Reader.

IF here you meet with any worthless Line,
Humanum est errare Stamps it mine;
But if you find here any Worthy Line,
It from a Fountain flows that's more Divine.
So Read, as to commit to Memory,
All Sentences worthy that Treasury.
And so remember all, as that you may,
In season practice them; and so display
Their Influence, as Honour may redound
To GOD, and you may be with profit crown'd.

AGAIN,

SOme in compendious Epigrams shew forth,
With charming Artifice, their Wit and Worth.
Some with rich Lines and Emblems, well design'd,
At once affect the Readers Eye and Mind.
Some, in Soul-pleasing Pastorals do prove
How Coridon *did* Amarillis *love.*
Some high flown Brains in lofty Strains indite
The amazing terrours of some horrid Fight,
Some with Satyrick lashes of the Pen,
Anatomize the vicious Lives of men.
Some with Historick Lines their Readers please:
Relating Feats and Fights, on Land and Seas.
Some with high Raptures, fitted to the Lyre,
Ingenious Readers well-pleas'd Souls inspire.
Some with Heroick Strains of noblest kinds,
And choicest Theams, inflame their Readers Minds.
Some, which beyond the rest, deserve the Bays,
Wisely exalt their great Creators Praise.
With many more, whose various, rare Inventions,
Delight their own and others Apprehensions.
But I, the last and least, strive to teach Youths
Good Manners, and inrich their Minds with truths.

Edward Cocker.

A.

A Christians noblest Ensign is the Cross,
And all things, to Belief in Christ, are dross.
Alass! what are the Best of Human Race,
Till their rude Natures are improv'd by Grace.
All Arts by powerful Industry are gain'd,
And by continu'd Exercise retain'd.
Affection make your Servant, Will your Slave,
Passion your Drudge; you'r then a Prince most brave.
A love to Learning is th' unfailing Clue,
That leads us Learnings Rarities to view.
Advance your Plumes; be bold, yet humbly wise,
Thus high you may stand firm, and low arise.
A faithful Friend is as the Phœnix rare,
And who can find where two such Creatures are?
Action and Virtue, if we separate,
They both into the Air evaporate.
Abhor to Navigate in troubled Seas,
And hate the Company of Sloth and Ease.
A good Effect may spring from a bad Cause,
Both cross to Reasons, and to Natures Laws.
Accept a Courtesie at first Rebound,
And wait not till a second may be found.
Arithmetick, scorning all Bounds and Bars,
Transcends Earths Sands in numbers, and Heavens Stars.
As by degrees ill Customs have been taken,
So by degrees they best may be forsaken.
Ascend not Honours Alpes, the price is small;
Tempt not the danger of a dreadful Fall.

Although we know our Steps would lead to Wo,
We find it hard not in those steps to go.

Action, thou Queen of Virtues, what high Praise,
What Trophies to thy Honour shall I raise?
It far transcends Man's skill thy Worth to rate,
All those who Love not Thee, their own Souls hate.
All famous Monuments beneath the Skie,
Thy Excellence commend and magnifie.

A healthful Temper you may best advance
By Moderation, and wise Temperance.
At other Mens enjoyments to Repine,
What augmentation will it prove to thine?
As Tygres vex'd, their Spots more plain appear,
So Men provok'd, their Passions Domineer.
Amendment of concernment is to all,
Virtues vast Columnes, but for this would fall.
A Suretie is a sure tie; he's most sure,
Who is from Bonds and Surety-Ship secure.
Ambition and Presumption mount Men high,
But if they fall, the more's their misery.
Abstain from Creature-Comforts all you can,
And that's the way to prove a happy Man.
Amazing heights fondly aspire not to
Fools mount and fall, the Wise walk safe below.
Act nothing but what you may safely own,
And what you need not blush at being known.
At smallness of Estate never Repine,
He that hath less, would gladly change for thine.
Artists invested with rare Skill and worth,
Scorn that their Tongues the fame should trumpet forth.
Always with Honour, Fear, and Reverence,
Meditate on th' Immense Omnipotence.
Adorn your Place, if entertain'd in Trust,
By being Impartial, Diligent, and Just.

All

All you that in fair Writing would excell,
How much you write regard not, but how Well.

A Gift with a ſweet violence entrance makes,
And the deceiv'd Receiver Captive takes.

At Board, accept what your Friends pleaſe to Carve,
Obſerve not haſtily your ſelf to ſerve.

A man would ſtrange to view the diſtances
Of Promiſes and their Performances.

A Tongue that's now rough as the courſeſt File,
Can, in a moment, be more ſmooth than Oile;

Always contend not; do not always ſtrive,
For ſometimes to Retreat, is to Retrive.

All Scholars theſe three Leſſons much concern,
Grace, and good Manners, with a will to learn.

A Chriſtian, contemplating things Divine,
Enjoys a *Piſgah*-Sight of *Paleſtine*.

Aſſume a noble Reſolution, ſtrain
Your Faculties, rare Sciences to gain,

Amorous Embracements, and Adulterous fires
Abhor and quench; hate all but chaſte deſires.

Arithmetician, make your Art appear,
Compute your Sins Sum-Total for a Year.

All rare Projections ſink, though nobly high,
Projectors wanting Chink for their ſupply.

All our Deſigns in this vain World ſhould tend
To future Hopes; this Life will quickly end.

Affection with Inſtruction and Direction,
Are the Renowned Handmaids of Perfection.

Againſt that time, when Death and Time muſt die,
Reſigning all up to Eternitie;
Moſt ſolemnly prepare, that you may ſtand,
Amongſt the ever bleſt, on Chriſt's right hand.

All Gods Commandments are Divinely pure,
By keeping them, men keep their Souls ſecure.

Art rarifies the Mind, and various wayes
Improves dull Nature to *JEHOVA*'s Praise.

All things are mutable beneath the Skie,
And nothing constant but Inconstancie.

A lofty Countenance, a Soul far more sublime,
God gave Man Heav'n to view, and its vast height to climb.

All you that would Write fair, mind this Design,
Still to improve in every Word and Line:
Here haste makes waste, of Paper, Ink, and Time,
And something, in Opinion, more Sublime,
The All-commanding Coin; and who would waste
All these at once, by making too much haste.

Aim at Arts Altitude, Aspire, Ascend,
Acquire, Assume, Accomplish, and Amend.
Actions Superlatively Excellent,
Render their noble Authors Eminent.

Arithmetick let a Man understand,
And after that, Geometry command.
Then let him turn Astronomer, and prove
How many Stars are fix'd, how many move.
Next a Geographer Earths Globe survey,
The long-sought, unfound Longitude Display.
Apollo's Lyre next let him take in hand,
And all the high Soul-charming Aires command.
Yea, let him have all Arts, all are but Smoke.
To him that has no Money in his Poke.

By

BY ſad Experience this is known to ſome,
Who hate Inſtruction, to Deſtruction come.
Bad Company, as Peſtilential Air,
You'd ſhun, did you but know how bad it were.
Brave and Heroick are the Acts of thoſe,
Who no man better than themſelves ſuppoſe.
Before you undertake, conſider well,
And then reſolve, next in Diſpatch excel.
Be wiſe betimes, and ſtrive in all that's thine,
That evermore the Golden Mean may ſhine.
By Pen or Penſil, who to mortal Eye
Can repreſent Immenſe Eternity.
By ſqueeſing Wax, and their Names writing, ſome
From wealth to want (*cavete*) ſoon have come.
Brave Virtues Emanations charm the Eyes
Of all that are ſincerely Good and Wiſe.

Beſt Precepts are Examples; for ſome teach
By words, what their beſt Actions cannot reach.
Yet, though like Trumpeters, they do not fight,
They others to the Battel do excite.

Beware of that ſly Sycophant's Dogg-Tricks,
Who, like a Spanniel flatters, fawns, and licks.
But ſmall, though ſeeming great, will prove the prize
That is obtain'd by Falſities and Lies.
By verbal ſounds, who makes his ſmall parts famous,
But proves himſelf the greater *Ignoramus*.
Before Time calls to the dark ſilent Grave,
What we can do doth our Attention crave.
Behave your ſelf neither too low, nor high,
But ſo, as beſt Suits with your Quality.
But Thirty and two Points the Sea-man finds
Upon his Compaſs: thouſands have Mens minds.
Be good to all Men; to the beſt be beſt;
Court Peace, with no contentious Men conteſt.

Beasts by their Horns, or Ears are taken, when
More to their harm, Men by their Tongues take Men.
Boast not of Features, or a smooth clear skin,
But make your Gallant mind fair Virtues Inn.
Be still a Lover of Ingenious Pains,
For still the working hand the Peny gains.
Best of Examples, with the best Direction,
Bring Learning-Loving-Learners to perfection.
Boreas tall Cedars buffets, but low Shrubs,
Secure below, defie his furious rubs.
By all Ingenious Men this is confest,
The way to Write best, is to Read the best.
Be not like him, who so far vainly strays,
That he's asham'd to leave his wicked Ways.

But here and there we find a hopeful Lad,
That has no Inclination to be bad.
But here and there grows an Ingenious Plant,
That minds his Learning, knowing Learnings want.
But what Arithmetician can compute,
The thousandth part of Plants that bear no Fruit?

Blind Ignorance clear Informations need,
Let doubtful minds sound confirmations heed.
Brave Spirits, when their Fortunes lowest run,
Should greatest seem, like the declining Sun.

Bacchus his Cheeks with laughing are full blown,
To see Men to such height of Folly grown,
By drinking others healths, to lose their own.
But Sure the Great Creator of the Vine,
Never intended his heart-chearing Wine,
On purpose to transform Men into Swine.

Before you, Set thoſe brave Examples, which
The Chriſtal Mirrours of the world appear:
By imitating Them, your Self Inrich,
And prove another Star in Virtues Sphear.
This is the way baſe Vice to trample down,
And gain thoſe Virtues which may gain Renown.

By Diligence we gain Intelligence;
Experience follows, Source of Excellence.

Behold how Fortunes billows curle and ſwell,
Mounting to Heav'n, then plunging down to Hell.

Birth rears Man's Fabrick of Fleſh, Bones and Skin:
But Breeding furniſhes the Houſe within.

Beyond the Golden Mean, ſtrive not to go:
His wants are boundleſs whoſe deſires are ſo.

C.

COunt that day loſt whoſe low-deſcending Sun,
Views from your hand no noble Action done.
Clear-ſighted Reaſon, and Sublimeſt Sence,
Submit their Crowns to Wiſdoms Influence.

Contend not with a Man of greater power:
By Land and Sea the Great the Leſs devour.

Crown the Donations of thy Friends with Praiſe:
On thy own Donatives no Trophies raiſe.

Cenſure none raſhly; for not even the beſt,
Can humane Nature of her Faults deveſt.

Contend with none, hotly with none debate,
But that a ſhort War may long Peace create.

Compendious Sentences in thoſe may breed
To Virtue love, who cannot Volumes read.

Can you believe it? Scarce unleſs you ſee't,
That a man's Tongue ſhould bind his hands and feet.

Could

Could we our passions and our vain Affections bridle;
We should not, as we are, be so extreamly idle.

Constancy brings forth Custom; Custom grows
Into a habit, from whence Wisdom flows.

Close Secrecy, and wary Subtilty,
Both Handmaids are to humane Policy.

Contaminated Minds mind Mundane things,
But Minds Serene mount with Celestial wings.

Common it is for men to loose their Reins
To pleasures, till those pleasures prove their pains.

Count God's Eternal WORD thy noblest Treasure;
Which read, and practic'd, yields Eternal Pleasure.

CHRIST's Rules of Life will your Lifes life improve,
With Faith, Truth, Zeal, Humility and Love.

Could blind Ambition Honours fate fore see,
She would with gladness, court a mean Degree.

Contentment's an Exhaustless Mine of Treasure,
Which Pens cannot compute, no Lines length measure.

Chances and Changes Spring from providence;
Not from *Utopian* Fortunes Influence.

Content who lives with Competent Estate,
Needs not to Court mens Love, nor fear their hate.
The Worlds Grandees in higher Sphears do move;
Yet he's more safe below, than those Above.
Half what he has, may, with Contentment, serve;
While some, in midst of store, contentless, starve.

Cares seldom prove our Cures; care not to care,
Cares oft prove Introductions to dispair.

Clemency, diff'ring Natures reconciles;
And melts down Grim Morosity, with smiles.

Courteous Behaviour, and Expressions prudent,
Speak a young Man, in Virtues School, a Student.

Columnes, who cannot raise; nor lofty Towers,
May Something build, according to their powers.

Could

Could we behold fair Vertues lovely Face,
And the Celeſtial Beauty of true Grace,
We ſhould be all Enamoured; but we are,
Blind to all Heavenly Objects, and our Care,
And the main Tendency of our Imployments,
Is the poſſeſſion of Earths vain Enjoyments.

D

DElight makes Man ſo light, that he ſuppoſes,
When on ſharp Thorns he treads, he trips on Roſes.

Did Learners know how learning might advance
Them, they would love it, and hate Ignorance.

Diligence gains Intelligence, and they
Experience gain, to all rare Arts the way.

Depiſe not the leaſt piece of Art that may
In uſefulneſs its Excellence diſplay.

Divine ſucceſs, thy Votaries we are,
How ſoon thy ſmiles reſuſcitate from care!

Do nothing raſhly; Raſhneſs numerous ways
The raſh Attempter to Contempt betrays.

Deſpair Damnation leads in Chains, and brings
Thouſands of Scorpions, with Soul-vexing ſtings.

Depreſſed Virtue, like the Palm, oppreſt,
Raiſes more high, her Heaven-ſaluting Creſt.

Dangers lie dormant oft, till circumſpection
Be loſt, and then reduce us to ſubjection.

Divine Contentment's an exhauſtleſs ſtore,
He that's content, complains not that he's poor.

Deſpiſe not Mortals of a mean Eſtate,
Since ignorant you are of your own Fate.

Deſtruction gapes for thoſe who hate Inſtruction,
But love to Learning's Wiſdoms Introduction.

Drink, Dice and Drabs, three dangerous Dees, do call
For a fourth D, which fourth is worſt of all.

Depend on others promiſes with hope;
When you of Sand can make a Cable Rope.

Did we but know our nearneſs to the Grave,
What Thoughts, what Cogitations ſhould we have.

Defer not till to morrow to Eſſay,
What worthy Acts you can perform to day.

Did all Men, by conſent, give Peace her Soveraigntie,
Such, as th' Emperial Heav'n, this lower world might be.

Diſdain not ſuch as are, with Virtues crown'd,
They are, or ſhall, or ought to be renown'd.

Diſpraiſe cannot depreſs; nor Commendations
Mount wiſe mens conſtant Minds above their Stations.

Directions and Inſtructions, of the wiſe,
Beyond fine Gold, or choiceſt Jewels prize.

Diſcretion, Engines, and choice Rules prepares,
Whereby to regulate your juſt Affairs.

Deſire is a vaſt, boundleſs Ocean,
Which ſtill is boyling, ſtill in motion found;
And all the Lines, made ſince *Sol*'s Race began,
Spliced into one, would prove too ſhort to ſound.
This bottomleſs, and ſhoreleſs Sea: few here
Do Navigate, that by the Compaſs Steer.

EXtreams produce Extreams: Extreams avoid,
Extreams without Extreams are not enjoy'd.

Exalted Notions, mounted on Wits wings;
With florid Strains, are acceptable Things:
But ſolid Reaſon, and ſound Sence, the wiſe,
Beyond Youth-pleaſing, Airy Trifles, prize.

Encomiums ſweet, or ſoureſt Calumnies,
Alike are, to the Virtuous and Wiſe.

Embrace all opportunities to day:
Time, Tide, and Carriers, will for no man ſtay.

Even then, when Age Death's ſummons muſt obey,
Moſt greedily the Duſt hoards up the Clay.

Exalted thoughts on Contemplations Wings
Soar up to the Sublimitie of Things.

Experience is the Clue whereby we may,
Find thorough Arts puzling Labyrinths, the Way.

Expand your Souls rare Faculties, that all
May honour their Immenſe ORIGINAL.

Earths Quinteſſence we in contentment find,
Contentment is a Kingdom to the Mind.

Eaſier, and ſooner, Learning's loſt than gain'd,
If by freſh Applications not maintain'd.

Every ſwift-wing'd moment in the day,
Carries its length of our ſhort Life away.

Extreamly much that man himſelf forgets,
Who, by new wrangling, thinks to pay old debts.

Eſtates to gain, men toyle and break their Reſt;
But Competency with Content is Beſt.

Endeavour ſo to live, and ſo to dye;
As to enjoy a bleſt Eternity.

Eaſie it is to write, but to write well
Is very hard; much harder to Excel.

Envy and Emulation are two things,
For Emulation Spurs, but Envy Stings.

Extreams produce Extreams; the Brood of Vice
Can multiply to Legions in a trice.

Eumenes would to no man yield the praiſe
Of Valour, while his Arm his Sword could raiſe.

Endeavour to ſuppreſs Domeſtick Jars,
For Civil, are the moſt uncivil Wars.

Envies curſt brood their own Tormenters are:
While thoſe moſt envy'd, ſtill the better fare.

Endeavour ſtill, that your Capacious Mind,
May with the moſt Eſſential parts be lin'd.

Eternal Happineſs is gain'd in Time:
For when Time's Sand ſhall totally be run,
Then will there be no Virtues Hill to climb;
Acts of Repentance cannot then be done.
O! therefore All your Strength, and Might apply,
In time, to gain a bleſs'd ETERNITY.

F.

FRom God to *Adam*, did choice Knowledge flow:
Which ſtill deſcends to all his Sons below.

For Toys and Trifles we contend and fight;
And our Concerns far more Subſtantial Slight.

Far were it better to be ignorant,
Than to be learned, and true Grace to want.

Fix not your mind on Features, Lips or Eyes;
But only love the Virtuous and Wiſe.

Fair, Modeſt, Wiſe, let my Beloved be,
And let me live deſerving ſuch a She.

Few need restraining Curbs in Virtues Race;
But most want Spurs to make them mend their pace.

Friends, Books, a chearful heart, a Conscience clear,
Are the most choice Companions we find here.

From a Foul heart, ascends to lying Lips
A little Demon, and from thence he skips.

From glozing Adulation keep your Tongue;
A smooth dissembler cheats you with a Song.

Fair Writing then to Excellence doth rise
Most, when the Pen is most in Exercise.

Fools, even at School, Squander their time away,
As if they went only to learn to Play.

Fresh prosp'rous Gales their duty may perform,
Yet leave us to the mercy of a Storm.

For Profit, and for Pleasure, those great Ends,
The wiser sort delight in Books, and Friends.

Fondly affect not a vain minutes breath;
But Wisely, before Death, prepare for Death.

From Labour, Wine gives the hands liberty;
And sets the head on work most furiously.

Find Meat and Drink, that will all Palates please,
My Lines shall Please all humours with like ease.

Fame of the noblest kind, springs from these Sources;
Good Life; Behaviour fair; discreet Discourses.

Fierce Disputations, Transportations prove,
And Disputants from sence, and Truth remove.

From Orb, to Orb, a wise man can remove;
So cannot Planets which command above.

For Virtues sake; now in your youthful prime
Be a good Husband of your precious Time.
Make Action Mistress of your best Affections,
Court her, She's beautiful, beyond objections.
She Crowns her Lovers with the best of things,
And gains them favour with the best of Kings.

For hopeful Youths, that would be happy Men,
There lies a plenteous Portion in the Pen;
Which being by ingenious pains drawn forth,
Will ſhew, to admiratio, it's vaſt worth.
Pen, Inʒ, and Paper, therefore ſoon provide,
And let them be Ingeniouſly apply'd.

Fair Writings Famous Univerſal Art,
5 4 3 2 1
The Pen, the Hand, the Eye, the Head and Heart,
1 2 3 4 5
Conceives, Promotes, Views, Moves, and does Impart.

G.

GRace, with a Heavenly hand, tunes Natures Harp,
And makes that Note a Mean, which was a Sharp.

Gold makes an Adamantine Conſcience ſoft,
And a ſoft Conſcience turns to Flint, as oft.

Great Debts require the greater care to pay;
Wiſe men provide againſt th' accompting day.

God in your thoughts retain with Reverence;
Whoſe works are all ſtupendious and Immenſe.

Go, Run, Ride, Swim, uſe every honeſt way,
Rather than Poverties Commands obey.

God diſtributes his Gifts as he ſees fit;
He others gives more Wealth, and thee more Wit.

God, Mens deſires denies them oft, that they
May be more happy in his heav'nly way.

God's Regiſter, the Conſcience, notes down all
Our Actions juſt, or unjuſt, great or ſmall.

God Eſſence gave to Heav'ns Expanſed Frame,
And ſtill ſuſtains, maintains, and rules the ſame.

Give

Give him leave (or he'l take it) to be Stout,
Who is with heaps of Riches fenc'd about.
God's a true Spirit; Truths pure Fountain; He
In Spirit, and in Truth will worshipp'd be.
Geography the Worlds vast Compass stiles,
Twenty one thousand, and six hundred miles.
God provides Grass, and other Meats for Beasts,
And with those Beasts, Man, their Commander Feasts.
Greatness and Goodness make a man compleat:
But few there are, that are both good and great.
Gamesters still gape for Gain; b t how can those,
That lose be Gainers, since even Gainers lose.
God's Mercy finds best opportunity,
When Man groans under worst of Misery.
Grace, Virtue, Prudence, and productive Parts,
May bid defiance to grim Envies Darts.
Gorgons, nor Goblins, can their Minds affright,
Who trust in God, and in his Word delight.

Give a true estimation of the worth,
Of all that under Heav'n, the Earth brings forth.
Then think what you shall gain, to buy the whole,
At the dear price of your immortal Soul.
O wonder! this vast World, and All therein,
Cannot All ballance with one Mortal Sin.

Gracious is God, to offer Means of Grace;
The only means to climb to Glories Mount.
Which before time has run his long-spun Race
Embrace; that you may give a just accompt,
When Time shall be no more; and then may stand
With ever-blessed Souls, at CHRIST's right hand.

HE well begins to run in Virtues Race,
Who ſeparates the Noble from the Baſe.

He that would learn to be an honeſt Man,
Let him view all the vicious ways he can;
And note their various Windings and their Ends;
This ſure, will make him one of Virtues Friends.

He that begins to run in Virtues Race
Muſt not look back, but ſtrive to mend his pace.
Him I eſteem a man of the firſt Rate,
Who lives contented with a mean Eſtate.
He who Time's Golden Sand does well apply,
Lays Earneſt for a bleſt Eternity.

He's truly wiſe, he's a right honeſt Lad,
Who rightly can diſtinguiſh Good from Bad:
And having made this nice Diſtinction right,
Does hate the bad, and in the good delight.

His mind feels Pangs of Death and pains of Hell,
Wherein Divine contentment hates to dwell.
He bravely all Calumnious Baſeneſs ſcorns,
Whoſe unſtain'd mind true Honeſty adorns.
How wiſe are they, by whom the Dies are thrown,
To know, if their own Mony be their own!
How ſoon might he, that's a meer Dunce by Nature,
By Induſtry become another Creature!

He's truly learned whoſe tenacious Brain,
The Quinteſſence of Wiſdom can retain;
And can, both for his own, and others Uſe,
In ſeaſon the rare Fruits thereof produce;
But who loves Ignorance before choice Knowledge,
A Doctor may commence in *Gotham* Colledge.

How many by wiſe management of Time,
From low Degrees, have mounted to ſublime!

How happily ſhould we vain Mortals live,
Could we good Counſel take, as ſoon as give!

He that the moſt his own will can deny,
With Gods moſt holy will may moſt comply.

How pleaſantly they have the World at will,
Who can their Bags with Gold and Silver fill;

His ripe Diſcretion always is in ſeaſon,
Who can his Paſſions ballance with right Reaſon.

He to ſome height of Knowledge does advance,
Who knows how to conceal his Ignorance.

Hear, See, and ſay the beſt; for that's the way,
To live in peace, as wiſe men know and ſay.

He that receives a Courteſie, remains,
Till his Retaliation, bound in Chains.

Health before Wealth prefer; Wealth commonly,
Is Vaſſal to ingenious Induſtry.

How will he anſwer't on the Reckning day,
Who runs in Debt, and takes no care to pay?

Husband your Time well; Squander not away,
The precious patrimony of a day.

How many thouſands pleaſe themſelves to Death!
Whoſe Viands, choice and rare, obſtruct their Breath.

He that's exalted on the Wings of Praiſe,
Is wiſe, if humbly, he himſelf ſurveys.

How many beauteous, Face-affecting Laſſes,
Neglect their Graces, to attend their Glaſſes.

How dark's the Leſſer Worlds ſad Winters Night,
When Reaſons radiant Rays do not enlight.

Having a Conſcience uncontaminate,
Mind not what vulgar Tongues of thee may Prate.

He that all others Buſineſs lets alone,
Has the more time wherein to mind his own.

Hope's that Alexipharmical, whoſe rare,
And Soveraign Virtue antidotes Deſpair.

Haſt thou wrong'd any Man? make ſatisfaction:
And ſcorn to Stoop to an Ignoble action.

How quickly Learners would by too much Play,
Learn to forget the buſineſs of the Day!

Here the four Virtues Cardinal advance,
Fortitude, Prudence, Juſtice, Temperance.

Hope not to rectify anothers Tongue,
Since for your government your own's too ſtrong.

Happy's the man, that is from Heav'n endu'd,
With Prudence, Juſtice, Temp'rance, Fortitude.

He's a right noble Soul, who bravely can forſake,
His pleaſure, when therein he might moſt pleaſure take.

He whoſe Inheritance is only Time,
Muſt manage that, with an ingenious Care;
For Arts, and Parts, though never ſo ſublime,
Without our times improvement will impair.
Your precious moments ſquander not away;
To the Induſtrious every Month is *May*.

He that's injurious to another, he
At the ſame time, ſo to himſelf muſt be.

He that for Pleaſure, forfeits his Eſtate,
Has bought repentance at too dear a Rate.

How joyful is a man, what ſatisfaction
He reaps, having perform'd ſome noble Action!

How many have been totally deſtroy'd,
For want of being honeſtly imploy'd.

He that contends with uncontrouled Tongues,
May loſe his Reaſon, and conſume his Lungs.

He that loves Labour, courts immortal Fame;
But Sloath is always waited on by Shame.

Hate Senſual Love; Love Love that may advance
The Lover, to Loves bleſs'd Inheritance.

Honours may leave their Owners; Riches may
Aſſume ſwift wings, and quickly fly away:
But Learning, and the knowledge of rare Arts,
That man the moſt enjoys that moſt imparts.
Endeavour that your Breaſt and Brain,
The beſt of Learnings Treaſures may retain.

I.

IF but one hour in every day you move
In Virtues Courſe, 'twill great advancement prove.
Innumerable Loſſes men ſuſtain,
By greedily endeavouriug to gain
Immenſe *Pecunia*, with Imperious hand,
All the Earths beſt Enjoyments does command.
In vain, vain Man deſires ſtill to enjoy
Thoſe Things, which were but lent him to imploy.
Innumerable Sins inflame our Score:
What ſhould we do were not God's Mercies more?
If for my Friend I nineteen favours do,
All's nought, if I do not the twentieth too.

The Ingenious Youth's Reſolution.

I'le Write ſo fair, that ev'ry Line ſhall be
A ſparkling Jewel for the World to ſee:
And every word ſhall be a radiant Gem
Such as the nobleſt Souls ſhall not contemn.
All various Shapes of Beaſts, Birds, Fiſh and Men,
Shall Run, Fly, Swim, and march from my Swift Pen.

If you eſteem a Noble Reputation,
With Sons of Virtue have your Converſation.

In your Diſcourſes be brief, ſound and clear;
Let no Impertinences grate the Ear.
If the free Ayr could be confin'd and Sold,
Thoſe would live longeſt who produce moſt Gold.

If to excel the Beſt you Emulate,
The moſt excelling Patterns Imitate.
And when your Pen, your Penſil, or your Graver
Hath equall'd thoſe, ſtrive to produce ſtill braver.
Thus well reſolv'd, and keeping conſtant pace,
You may prove firſt in Arts renowned Race.

In Hells out-courts that wretched Soul appears,
Who lives a Slave to Jealouſies and Fears.

If worſe than we, ſhould prove our Generation,
Abomination will turn Recreation.

In dubious Matters prudent Counſel chuſe,
This, *Solomon* himſelf, would not refuſe.

If we gain Arts with induſtry, 'tis fair:
But to come, ſee, and overcome, 'tis rare.

If thy own Country be for thee too ſmall,
Begin betimes to Travel o're Earth's Ball.

Imploy your Wiſdom, all your pow'rs apply,
In time to gain a bleſt ETERNITY.

If thy Friend flinches, let that Friend therefore,
Come to thy Boſomes Cabinet no more.

Injuſtice offer not unto the juſt;
God will revenge, they truſt, in whom they truſt.

If every idle word requires account,
To what will Oaths and Blaſphemies amount.

If ſome Lines want ſuch Wit as you could wiſh,
Know, we're not bound to Sauce you every Diſh.

In this Worlds Maze thouſands of ways men run,
With full ſpeed to undo, or be undon.

If other men with Arts, and Parts out-vie;
Strive to tranſcend them all in Induſtry.

If Elegantly how to Write you'd know;
Read ſuch Compoſures, as are written ſo.

If men, by ſinning, any Good could win,
They would not want it, for the want of Sin.

If to be cheated you no Stomach have,
Mens Deeds, not words, your beſt attention crave.

In hot Diſputes men ſtrain, Mouthe, and rant high;
Striving for Victory, not VERITY.

In greateſt Calms, for greateſt Storms prepare,
Wiſdom's Grand Admonition, is, Beware.

If our Lifes Glaſs could thouſand Ages run,
Yet, at the laſt thoſe thouſands would be don.

If Portion, to thy parts Proportion bears,
Give Thanks to him, who gives to all their Shares.

In his own preſence no man's Praiſe proclaim,
Nor In his abſence any one defame.

If your hand works not to procure a Stock,
'Tis ten to one, but it your Mouth will mock.

If you would conquer your Souls Mortal Foes,
To armed Vices, Virtues arm'd oppoſe,

In Choice and Judgment he Extreamly errs,
Who Strangers, before well-known Friends prefers,

Imployment prove Improvement of our parts:
And Practice gains Experience in all Arts.

Into Arts Labyrinths, or Natures Pry,
Be bold Beneath, but not above the Sky.

Is your State low? would you to Riches ſoar?
Abandon all thoſe ways that made you Poor.

If you intend to help a Friend at Need,
Do it with all Imaginable Speed.

If by fair Promiſes you Friends do gain,
Let fair performances thoſe Friends maintain.

If Industry produces Excellence,
We multiply't to Quantities Immenſe.
It is not for the want of Negligence,
That many thouſands want Arts Excellence.

If Nature gives Proportion, and rare Beauty,
To match them with good Manners is your Duty.
If you Proportion want, and are not fair,
Let Grace, and Manners their defects repair.

Ill Will never ſpeaks well; curs'd Spleen and Spight,
Were never Cordial Friends to Truth and Right.
If you ſo nobly cannot Act, as you ſee another man do;
Boldly and bravely quit your ſelf, by doing what you can do.
If the wiſe Gard'ner lays aſide his Knife,
His Plants will riot in a vitious Life.

K.

KEep Company with Virtues true Relations,
Of uncontaminated Reputations.
Knowledge that puffs up the Poſſeſſor's mind,
Is evermore of a pernicious kind.
Knowing the way, couragiouſly advance:
And ſhun Converſe with Sons of Ignorance.
Know how to time your Buſineſs; this Concern
Puts thouſands to a loſs that are to Learn.
Know thy ſelf firſt, and then begin to Scan,
The imperfections of another Man.
Know all Mechanicks, that for Riches ſtrive,
To mind your Buſineſs is the way to thrive.

Keep up the Top-ſail of your Reputation,
Let none out-ſail you in your Occupation.

Knew you the worth of the Pens Excellence,
And how its Lovers it does Recompence,
And of what high Account Accompts do make
Knowing Accomptants; then you Pains would take
Both Night and Day (play ſhould aſide be thrown)
To make theſe profitable Arts your own.

Knaves commonly for Fools do prove Providers.
Riches like head-ſtrong Horſes, throw their Riders.

Keep Peace in thine own Breaſt, who keeps this Road,
May bid defiance to all Wars abroad.

Know you not this vain Worlds Imperious Minion,
It is that All-commanding Queen, Opinion.

Kindle no Flames of Strife: he that loves Strife,
Hates peace; the Comfort of a Chriſtian Life.

Knaves are the Bane of their own Reputation:
The Peſt, and Caterpillers of a Nation.

Kind hearts are unkind, only to themſelves;
Whoſe Barks oft ſplit on their own Rocks and Shelves.

Kids may grow Goats; ſo young Sins may grow old,
If you with Satans Baits dare be too bold.

Kick not, nor Spurn at Government; Inferiors
Muſt live in due obedience to Superiors.

Keep at a diſtance from the Sons of Vice:
Once known, endanger not your Souls health twice.

Knock hard at Mercies Gate, and think no pains
Too hard, nor time too long for ſuch bleſs'd Gains.

Kindred in Friendſhips Orb, but rarely move,
So certainly, as Strangers, link'd in Love.

Keels ballaſted with Gold, from *Ophir* came;
To inrich wiſe *Solomon*, and gild his Fame.

King.

Kingdoms, to Heav'ns Immenſity, appear
As Birds Neaſts ſmall, compar'd to Kingdoms here.
Kill growing Vices; for if they Controul,
They will deſtroy your Body and your Soul.

L.

LOvers of Learning learned ſoon will prove,
The half way houſe to Learning is their love.
Let brave examples your prompt mind inſpire,
To imitate what others moſt admire.
Learn ſo to live, as not to fear to dye;
That you may dye to live Eternally.
Let us not ſoar too high, nor ſink too low,
But every one his proper Station know.
Let Order, Meaſure, and Proportion make
All Actions noble which you undertake.
Labour proves light, where true Delight attends,
Where Love begins, Induſtry bravely ends.
Let no vain Pleaſures your clear Reaſon blind,
And hate to ſeek what you abhor to find.
Love covers multitudes of Faults; but hate
Old Faults diſcovers, and does new create.

Let's not deſirous be to live here long,
Or once to Act our old Sins o're again:
As we grow weak, Diſeaſes grow more ſtrong;
And we complain, becauſe Complaints in Vain
Fly from our troubled Breaſt; O therefore let
Us Earth diſcard, and Heav'ns Aſſurance get.

Let all wild Worldlings, this, unto their Sence apply,
They moſt themſelves enjoy, who moſt themſelves deny.

Love

Love distant Climes unites; in this we find,
It is not where the Man is, but the Mind.

Let *Esculape*'s wise Son, who heals thy Wound,
Be with the Garland of thy Praises Crown'd.

Life lives in Temperance! Intemperance,
Most of all Sins, Death's Standard doth advance.

Lifes noblest Theory good Precepts are,
Examples shew Lifes practick part most rare.

Let Moderation your requests commend,
By thus demanding you command your Friend.

Lines worded well, and season'd well with Sence,
Have, on Ingenious Minds, great Influence.

Leave Youths to their own Conscience, and then
How soon, think you, would they prove Learned Men?

Learning, and the choice Documents of Truth,
Should be infus'd into us in our Youth.

Like Tares with Wheat, most Mens Expressions be,
Complements mixt with small Reality.

Learning, the Learned, before Gold prefer,
Learning, not Gold, defies the Plunderer.

Long are we gaining of a small Excellence,
Which, in short time, is lost by Negligence.

Let me be just to all, though I sustain
Some Loss thereby, that Loss will turn to Gain.

Looseness to Fastness is an Introduction,
Men Rant and please themselves into Destruction.

Learn now in your Minority, those things,
That may in Age, lend your Discretion Wings.

Let not the choicest Creature-Comfort have,
The Power to denominate thee Slave.

Lament wild Youth your loss of Blooming Prime;
Lament your Parents pains, their Cost and Care.
Lament the vain mis-pending of your time.
Lament th' unhappy State wherein you are.

Lament, Lament, because your Lamentation,
(Except you timely turn, and that even now)
Can firmly promise your no Restoration,
Of these lost Pearls, whose price you do not know.

M.

MEn that are gen'rous, humble, just and Wise,
The Pageantry of the vain World despise.
Man's mind, as Master should right reason have,
And evermore hold Passion as a Slave.
Men for this Worlds poor Riches are at strife,
Neglecting those of everlasting Life.
Merchants who plow the Foaming Main, their main
Concerns must mind, nor slight the smallest Gain.
Most, who are Rich, and Great, and can command,
Command Inferiours with Imperious hand.
Men Ignorant, ascribe that Influence
To Fortune which proceeds from Providence.
Mens promises by their performance measure,
Like Gypsies Knots they'r fast or loose at pleasure.
Men oft at Banquets more advantage gain,
Than at those Battails where are thousands slain.
Misfortunes seldom come alone, but have
Their followers, as Wave rowls after Wave.
Many have vain Loquacity lamented;
But none their prudent Silence have repented.

Mount, mount brave Soul, ascend above the Spheres
Of common reason, and inferiour Sence:
Court Arts, improve thy parts, till there appears
The Quintessence of their prime Excellence.

Many

Many mean perſons might become Brave Gallants,
If prudently they would imploy their Talents.

Men, who in verbal Sounds do leaſt abound,
Are always found to be the moſt profound.

Millions of Inconveniences Surprize
Us, becauſe we are our own Enemies.

Man's little, little World, tranſcends the Greater,
'Tis ſtrange, that this Compendium's the Compleater.

Man is a thing of nought, yet from above,
There dart upon him ſuch ſtrong Rays of Love,
Like Sol s refulgent Beams, that they refine
His Rubbiſh Nature to a Golden Mine.

Much Reading, much the inſight does improve,
The Ey-ſight, too much Reading does not love.

My Admonitions to my loving Friend,
Shall for no End begin, and have no End.

Men fain would be thought Virtuous, though they
Still Steer their Courſe the quite contrary way.

Men promiſe fair, perform not; in this Sence,
Exuberance is turn'd to Indigence.

Man's greateſt Wealth lyes in contempt of Wealth;
And next to that, his greateſt Wealth is Health.

Mars his bold Son is for the Field or Sea.
An Academy is the Scholar's ſhare.
The Tradeſman in the City loves to ſtay.
The Country hath the Husband-mans chief Care.
The Marriner is for a Ship, or Port:
And the gay Gallant glifters in the Court.

Might we aſcend to Excellence ſublime,
Without a careful management of Time,
Thouſands would then to Excellence attain,
That are unworthy of one Dram or Grain.

But Excellence is ſeated on a Throne,
Above the reach of every Dunce and Drone.

Meum & Tuum, backt with Hopes and Fears
Have thouſands ſet together by the Ears.
More confidently none themſelves advance,
Than the unworthy Sons of Ignorance.

N

NAture to Reaſons School comes to be taught,
All the moſt curious works that can be wrought.
Nor Gold, nor Pearls, nor Gems of higheſt rate,
Can equallize a Self-conceited Pate.
Notional knowledge is of ſlender uſe:
That's beſt which we to Practice can reduce.
Nectar, *Ambroſia*, and the *Theſpian* Spring,
May all avant. for Money is the Thing.
Nor Fume, nor Fret, nor Stamp at things amiſs;
That's not the way to mend them; Patience is.
No Rule, no Line found out, ſince time began,
Could Gauge, or Fathom the vaſt heart of Man.
Nothing can more to my improvement tend,
Than the reprovement of a loving Friend.

Never do well, that ill may come thereon.
Never do bad, that good may thence accrue.
Never do ill, that ill may thereupon,
A curs'd Effect from a curs'd Cauſe enſue.
But evermore do Good, that Good from thence
May Spring, and Magnifie Heav'ns influence.

Nobleſt Examples with good Education,
Of Virtues Fabrick are the firm Foundation.

None others more defame, or more advance
Themſelves, than the blind Sons of Ignorance.

Nimble Prevention from a danger flyes;
But dull Delay proves Slave to the Surprize.

None mourn the loſs of tranſitory things,
But ſuch, as never heard that wealth has Wings.

No wonder if the beſt Men ſometimes fail,
Since all are Mortal, and their Natures frail.

Not many Words, but few, expreſt in ſeaſon,
Proclaim the Noble ſtrength, and force of Reaſon.

No kind ſo unkind to their Kind we find,
As Man-kind unto Man-kind is unkind.

No Croſſes can ſo much our Paſſions move,
As thoſe that Croſs us in the Things we love.

Nor Bears, nor Boars, nor Wolves, nor Tygres can
Be more ſharp Foes to Man, than Man to Man.

No Chains ſo ſtrong hath Fortune, as can bind,
The inclinations of a Noble Mind.

Now Bend your mind fair Writing to attain,
Your preſent pains will prove your future Gain.

No Charm ſo powerful was ever known,
As Love, to make anothers heart your own.

Not Riſing early, nor our Working late,
Will do't, there is in things a ſecret Fate.

Not for dull, (gentle Readers) but for thoſe
Who Read, and Practice, we theſe Lines compoſe.

OThers to Virtue Poets do excite,
By intermixing profit with Delight.

Of Miſchief he ſhuns many a Rock and ſhelf
Who learns betimes to learn to know himſelf.

One thing there is, for which all men conteſt
From Age to Age, that is, Self Intereſt.

On this Worlds Stage a wiſe man would not ſtay
Longer than he can Act his part o'th' Play.

One moments pleaſure brought an Inundation,
On all Mankind, of pain and lamentation.

One minutes Show'r of penitential Brine
Tranſcends the Treaſures of a Golden Mine.

Omiſſion of good Works, and the Commiſſion
Of bad, involve Men in a ſad Condition.

One ſmall Dram of good Life excells a Pound
Of Humane Learning, though the moſt profound.

Our cheering Sun, our Glory and Delight,
Are ſoon inveloped in ſhades of Night.

Old Friends to truſt, old Gold to keep, old Wine
To drink; are a ſolacious good old Trine.

Only theſe two Intelligences move
True Friendſhips Sphere; Civility and Love.

On the Worlds Stage, ſo let me act my part,
That the wiſe Head of *Solomon*, and Heart
Of *David*, may both ſeem to Crown my Art.

Opinion is an Empreſs; and Fame ſays,
At leaſt three quarters of the World ſhe ſways.

Our Faults, our Friends, and our Inſtructions, we
Are ſtrangely ſubject to forget thoſe Three.

Of bad Examples, Satan's Baits, beware;
And ſhun them, as a Peſtilential Ayre.

Our choiceſt Flowers we ſmell to moſt, and they
Soon breathe their laſt; their Glories firſt decay.

Of a quick Friend, and a ſlow Enemy
Beware, and glozing Adulators fly.
Only thoſe Noble Souls are truely free,
That can deny themſelves their Liberty.

One great part of our life is ſwallow'd by Death's brother,
Our Meals and Recreations, do devour another.
That part which we imploy in worthy Works is ſmall;
But ſmaller's that, wherein we ſerve Him, who gives all.

Opinion guides our Paſſions, and Affections,
And all our Fancies follow her Directions.
Our Time, our Wit, our Strength, we ſpend our Coyn to gain,
And ſpend our Strength, Wit, Time, to ſpend that Coyn in vain.
O, that I could invent ſome powerful Rhime,
To make all Learners learn to prize their Time.

Of all the Birds whoſe Wings divide the Ayr,
Arabia's Phœnix is the only Rare:
Shee, from the Aſhes of her fragrant Urn,
Another Glorious Phœnix does return;
Which ſhews a ſupernatural Perfection,
And Typifies Man's happy Reſurrection.

P

PRofeſs not what you know, you know not, for
All knowing Men will ſuch a Man abhor.
Proportion is the Golden Rule, whence you
May learn what's fit to do, and not to do.
Pride and Ambition lend men ſpreading wings
To Act the moſt ridiculous of Things.

Praiſe others, but deny your ſelf, and then
Your Company will pleaſe Ingenious Men.

Procraſtination dangerous was found,
Where quick-diſpatch might the Event have Crown'd.

Philoſophers thoſe thriving Seeds Sow, which
More than their own, do future Times enrich.

Preſume not on Futurity; Vexation
Moſt commonly attends Procraſtination.

Paſs not thy judgment on anothers end,
But inward look, and know, the Beſt may Mend.

Pitty it is ſo many ſhould enjoy
Learning, and yet their Talents not Imploy.

Parents would have their Children Richly learn,
But Maſters poor Rewards pinch that concern.

Praiſe ſome deſire, when they diſpraiſe deſerve:
Thus worthleſs Fools their own vain humours ſerve.

Preſume not on Lifes length, Death, a young Lam
Bears to his Fold, as ſoon as an old Ram.

Praiſe or Applauſe which from without we win,
Signifies nothing, if not Crown'd within.

Pride, when her Plumes are ſpread in Pomp and Glory,
Forgets her Gallantry is tranſitory.

Prize, beyond weſtern Gold, or Eaſtern Spice,
The Sole-advancing Treaſures of advice.

Practice gives Motion to the Pen-mans hand,
Fair Writings Excellencies to command.

Pelion on *Oſſa*, Sin on Sin we heap,
Yet though we ſow ſo, ſo we would not Reap.

Philoſophy Divine, court and recourt; She can
As man's above a Beaſt, mount man above a Man.

Prodigious Products from mens Acts we ſee;
From not forethinking what th' Events might be.

Pitty it is, that Heaven-born Charity,
Is grown of late ſo great a Rarity.

Poor Worms-meat, Soar not to the hight of State:
Humility is honours Palace Gate.

Pure Temperance a pure good Temper breeds;
But Gluttony all noyſom Humours feeds.

Perform thy promiſe; keep within Faiths Bounds,
Who breaks his Word, his Reputation wounds.

Patience, Diſquiet calmes; charms Diſcontents;
And arms mens Minds againſt the worſt events.

Proſperity firſt greets them with her Smiles,
And in the End, her Proſelytes beguiles.

Praiſe, and diſpraiſe, the Wiſe eſteem alike;
One cannot Stroke them, nor the other Strike.

Prudence commands, that Silence we ſhould break,
When we, than that can Something better Speak.

Pitty it is, ſo many go to learn,
Who not ſo much as think of that Concern.

Q.

QUickly are all thoſe Sublunaries gon
Which we vain Mortals ſo much doat upon:
Quickly therefore, their tempting Smiles contemn,
Since they muſt go from us, or we from them.

Queſtions profound, and dark Enigma's tend,
To exerciſe mens Brains, but to no end.

Qualms, qualms ſucceed; like as our Stomacks, ſo
Our Minds have Crudities that breed our Wo·

Quaint Out-ſides win on moſt Spectators Eyes:
Whilſt real worth (ill cloath'd) neglected lyes.

Quarles, quondam Poet, for rare Lines Divine,
Still wears freſh Lawrels, ſtill his Tapers ſhine.

Quintus Curtius Embalm'd great *Alexander*'s name,
Whoſe Pen from Age to Age, perpetuates his Fame.

Quintilian's Tongue, as in Fames Roll appears,
Lead his admiring hearers by the Ears.

Quaſh *Calumnies*, defame the Defamations
Darted from Envious Tongues, at your Relations.

Quills into curious Pens are made, from whence
Letters flow, which make words, and words make ſence.

Quilt Earth's vaſt Ball with Numbers, all imply
But Cyphers to Immenſe Eternity.

Quotidian Practice may make this Imployment,
Of Sublunary Things, your beſt Enjoyment.

Queſtion not, but wiſe management of Time,
Will make your humble Fortunes more ſublime.

Quoth Will, I am reſolv'd reveng'd to be;
Quoth Wit, have patience, and be rul'd by me.

Qualifications Virtuous and Pious,
Should be belov'd, honour'd, and ſo ght for by us.

Quit this Worlds Stage you muſt, when your part's play'd,
Get Earneſt, timely, for a better lay'd.

Quarrelſom Natures meet their unkind Kind:
And commonly, what ſuch Men ſeek, they find.

Quadrate with none whoſe Acts pronounce them baſe,
No Goodneſs ſprings from an ungodly Race.

Quadrunities high priz'd, I wiſh theſe mine,
Good parts, good Books, good Friends, good ſtore of Coin.

Quinſay, *China*'s chief City, even Immenſe;
An hundred Miles is in Circumference.

Quote, in the Folio of your beſt Affections,
Him, that's a faithful Friend without Objections.

Quality oft for Soveraignty contends
With Quantity, and her vaſt Bulk tranſcends.

Quietneſs,

Quietneſs, and Serene Contentment, are
The beſt Companions in this Mundane Sphear:
No Golden Fear, no heart-conſuming Care,
Dare in their charming preſence to appear;
All is ſweet, ſafe, and ſound within their Bounds;
No noiſe their Reſt, no War their peace confounds.

R

RAnge the Worlds Wilderneſſes, and you can
Find no ſuch Beaſt of Prey, as Man to Man.
Raſhneſs draws crooked, and un-artful Lines:
And is a Remora to brave Deſigns.
Reaſon and Learning much concern his pate,
Who from his Cradle is Illiterate.

Rouze up my flaming Genius, Heav'n inſpire
My Soul, with ſomething of Etherial Fire.
Let all brave *Engliſh* Youths, who read theſe Lines,
Be ev'n inchanted with my good Deſigns.
Let theſe their brave Heroick Spirits raiſe
To practice Virtue, and give Him the praiſe:
From th' Influence of whoſe great Providence,
The Excellent derive their Excellence.

Reports, ſometimes, which ſland'rous Tongues have ſpread,
Have caus'd a difference 'twixt the Ears and Head.
Reſolve; Revolve; Involve; Inform; Reform:
But keep God's Fort, your Conſcience, from a Storm.
Rather depend upon your Fingers Ends,
Then fix your Expectations on your Friends.
Read Books, Men, Manners, Times, and you'l confeſs,
That the World's Supreme Virtue is, Succeſs.

Reaſon, Wit, Knowledge, all your parts preſent,
To Him, by whom they were but only lent.

Rather than be quite broke, wiſely ſubmit and Bend:
'Tis mighty folly with the mighty to contend.

Religion is the Soul of Innocence,
Moving in an unſpotted Conſcience.

Rare ARTS with Care, and Pains, obtain and keep:
Into mens mouths they drop not, as they ſleep.

Reaſon's the Pole-Star, which directs the way,
To Navigate in this Worlds troubled Sea.

Rare Virtues Emanations far tranſcend the price,
Of the *Weſt-Indies* Gold, or the *Eaſt-Indies* Spice.

Rich men are Poor, in covetous Conditions;
Poor men are Rich, in envious Diſpoſitions.

Refuſe to Act to Day, what may to morrow,
Procure your Torment, or at leaſt your Sorrow.

Rage breaks down Reaſons bounds; keeps no decorum:
Paſſions and Rage tumble down all before 'em.

Remuneration, like ſoft *April* Showers,
In Virtues *May*, produces Gallant Flowers.

Ranſack the treaſuring Casket of each Rock,
And keep the Key of that exhauſtleſs Stock.
Let every Sun, ſtill view thee more Renown'd,
Till thou the Worlds Grand Emperour art Crown'd:
Then take thy Shadows length; ſee how much more
Its Menſuration exceeds that before.

S

SEcrets of Art by Induſtry are found,
Induſtrious Pains with nobleſt Gains are crown'd.

Such as exalt themſelves above the Skies,
In wiſe mens Thoughts, appear extreamly wiſe.

Soul.

Soul-ſaving Knowledge make thy grand Inqueſt,
What ſignifies all Knowledge if not bleſt?

Stars, Sands, and Sins, vaſt Numbers are, yet are
But Cyphers when God s Mercies we compare.

Such as delight in others Debts to run,
Have pleas'd themſelves, till they have been undon.
Stars govern Men, but God ſets Bounds and Bars,
To glorious *Phœbus*, *Luna*, and the Stars.

Some Lines Embroyder'd are, and ſome more plain:
Which ſhews that *Mercury* does not always reign.

Soul-plaguing Fears, Jealouſie, and ſuſpition,
Reduce a man into a ſtrange Condition.

Small Commendation ſerves to crown that Friend
Who is a Friend for Ends unto the end.

Sweeter than Civet ſmells induſtrious ſweat:
Who takes no pains, he ſhould no *Panis* Eat.

Suffering for Sin ſhould breed no Diſcontent,
Since many have prov'd chaſt by Chaſtiſement.

Since every Meeting muſt a parting have,
Soul, ſoar to Heaven; ſink Body to the Grave.

Since Riches, Honours, Pleaſures, All we ſee,
Are but Injoyments here, *pro Tempore*;
Let my poor Soul ſix nobler hopes Above;
Where ſtreams of Glory mix with Light and Love.

Soar not too high in ſublunary things,
For fear, leſt yours ſhould prove *Icarian* Wings.

Satan Imploys all Inſtruments he can,
To bring to ruin that poor Thing call'd Man.

Skie-ſcaling Groans from Contrite hearts aſcend,
In favour to their never-ending End.

Sloth, without armed Armies, can ſurprize,
All the Souls powers, and noble Faculties.

Sleep is Death's picture, to the Life drawn forth,
Who ſleeps too much, loſes both wit and worth.

Small Friendſhip; leſs Reality is found,
Where fawning, feigning Complements abound.

Some, by the conſtant hands of Induſtry,
Out-ſtrip the Wings of Ingenuity.

Sin's pleaſure, like a flaſh, is quickly paſt,
But who can tell how long the Pain may laſt?

Sleep renders Nature brisk and brave, and tends
To the refreſhing of Man's five beſt Friends.

Shew me the man that has no Faults, and I
Will teach him, in the Air ſoon how to fly.

Some, by their Tongues accumulate ſuch wrongs;
That they could after wiſh they'd had no Tongues.

Sound ſence in a ſhort ſentence, oft we find,
More than high Raptures, to inform the Mind.

So live in every Station and Relation,
As that Salvation is your expectation.

Silver and Gold, though beſt Times ſcorn'd to own 'em,
Are of this laſt, worſt Age, the *Summum Bonum.*

Still acquieſce in Providence Divine:
What's not to day, to Morrow may be thine.

Sins Sinners minds enſlave; blind the Souls Eyes:
But in God s Service perfect Freedom lyes.

Sleep, though a kind of Death, Lifes Life appears:
Revivifies the Brain, the Spirits chears.

Since a cloſe Mouth makes a wiſe Head, do you,
Hear others talk, while you think what to do.

Some dare not live for fear of Death, and ſome
Dye to prevent the Evils that may come.

Such as their Minds to Curious Arts addreſs,
Lay Earneſt for the Worlds Chief happineſs.

Strive to raiſe Monuments of laſting Fame;
And ſcorn that worthleſs Works ſhould ſoyl your name.

Saying, with thoſe but little can perſwade,
Who to believe by ſeeing, can't be made.

Some

Some think, and think ſo long what they would do,
That they loſe both their thoughts and Actions too.

Small Pain conſtrains us to complain, but while
Contentment Smiles upon us, we can Smile.

So many men, ſo many Minds we find;
And every mind as fixed as the Wind.

Since Words the Minds moſt noble Cloathing are;
And Words are beſt Embroidered with ſence;
And Sence is beſt that ſhines with Eloquence;
And Eloquence is then moſt Rich and Rare,
When *Tropes* and Figures ſhew its excellence.
With glitt'ring Metaphors which beam from thence
Theſe properties, let my Minds Veſture ſhare.

T

TRuth's lucid Paths the ſacred Scriptures ſhew:
Who tread not them, trace Labyrinths of Wo.

Time's but the ſhort duration of a Wink,
When on Immenſe Eternity we think.

The want of ſleep, which wildeſt Creatures tames,
Men to the height of Madneſs oft inflames.

The nobleſt of examples imitate;
And let contentment crown thy bleſt Eſtate.

To day we laugh and frolick, and to morrow,
We Grunt and Groan upon the Bed of ſorrow.

'Tis dangerous to be Great: proud Cedars bow,
With ſtorms which move not humble ſhrubs below.

T'inſult, or exult over Miſery,
Shews baſeneſs mixt with inhumanity.

Thoſe Lines which ſome may think impertinent,
By others will be thought moſt Excellent.

Time,

Time, Tide, and Carriers, with the flying Sun,
Will ſtay for no man, till their Race is run.

Think humbly of your ſelf; no Commendation
Can mount you then, above your proper ſtation.

Time paſt who hath forgot; neglects the preſent,
And fears the future, hath loſt all things pleaſant.

The Serpents wiles to ſave your ſelf, embrace;
And others not to harm give the Dove place.

The ſacred Rules of Virtue bear ſmall price,
With the unbounded, ſordid ſons of Vice.

This is an obſervation true, though plain;
Thoſe who moſt feaſt the Belly, ſtarve the Brain.

The Soul's the Salt, which doth the Body ſeaſon,
And keep alive; and the Soul's Salt is Reaſon.

Though God be Omnipreſent, men dare ſwear:
Were the King near them, they would then forbear.

The Life of Natur's given, that we might trace,
The happy foot-ſteps to the Life of Grace:
Which Life of Grace, will crown thoſe who perſever,
Faithful till Death, with Glories Life, for ever.

Then your deſires have reaſon to be crown'd
With what you ask, when Reaſon is their Ground.
'Tis not how many Arts, or curious Parts we have,
But how well we improve the Talent that God gave.

To none the ſecret Counſels of your mind
Communicate, for can you hope to find
One that has Will, and Power to do for you
What for your ſelf, you your ſelf could not do.
Th' Immaculate Fountain of all Holineſs,
Thoſe moſt, who moſt reſemble Him, will bleſs.

The Pen all curious Inſtruments tranſcends;
And, in its uſefulneſs, it ſelf commends.
No need of ſwelling, high Encomiums, then
To Trumpet forth the praiſes of the Pen:
This does, like Virtue, its own Trophies raiſe,
Sublimely high, beyond the reach of praiſe.

Times change, and we in them: both Men and Nations,
Their Zeniths have, before their Declinations.

The Youth's Letter from the Writing School, &c.

Theſe, honour'd Parents, are but ſmall Effects,
Of your great Love, and manifold Reſpects.
Theſe few unpoliſh'd Lines cannot expreſs,
The thouſand part of my due thankfulneſs
For your leaſt favours; yet if theſe you grace,
With acceptation; I, in Writings Race
Shall run more ſwift, by that encouragement,
And, in ſhort time, ſome nobler Piece preſent.

There is no virtue in the rareſt Pen,
Which Writing to Perfection can Produce:
Nor in the hand; that member, which to men,
Is in all Works, of admirable uſe.
Though each of theſe in Writings bears his Part,
Yet the grand Fountain whence it flows, is Art.

V

VIrtues Cœleſtial, Soul refreſhing Light,
Vice may Eclipſe, but not extinguiſh quite.
Valour, for Honour; Grace, for Glory calls:
Brave Heroes Fames ſurvive their Funerals.

Vain Mortals, it becomes you not to move,
Your Tongues, concerning what's decree'd above.

Violence, when full Growth she does acquire
Leaps forth, like Thunder, wrapt in Balls of fire.

Virtue, though clad in Raggs, may challenge more,
Than Vice adorn'd with Silks, in mid'st of store.

Unto your Sence this Sentence still apply,
That there's no Poyson like bad company.

Use Prudence, Temperance, and Moderation:
Shun Commendation, and hate Ostentation.

Virtues heroick Sons will act their Parts;
Not fearing thousands of curst Envies Darts.

Vices, which with their tempting Smiles invite,
Conceal their Teeth, wherewith they after bite.

Virtues Triumphant Chariot (which now groans
Under Oppressures) shall break Envies Bones.

Vainly we Dream, as vainly Act our Dreams;
And vainly think we parallel Supreams.

Voluptuous course, Sensual Delights,
Obstruct the winged Souls Celestial Flights.

Vane in our heads, and in our hearts too, vain;
We like not Things, however good, if plain.

Virtue and Truth are amicitial Mates;
Virtue all postures of Impostors hates.

Valiant he does approve himself, and wise,
Who with a brave disdain, slights Injuries.

Virtue hates Fucos, Patches and perfumes,
Dust, mixt with Sweat; that painting she assumes.

Vain Glories Emblem is a blazing Taper;
Whose short-liv'd Snuff ends in a noysom vapour.

Virtue that's her own Noble Satisfaction,
Is always busied in the Shop of Action.

Vices, which seem to lie within conceal'd,
Are, by our words and Actions, soon reveal'd.

Virtues vaſt worth tranſcends all Earths beſt Treaſures,
She's Honours honour, and the Soul of pleaſures.
Vaniſh beneath my thoughts; vain worldly Toys:
Mount, mount my Soul, to Heavens Eternal joys.
Vexation makes a Man by transformation,
The ſtrangeſt Creature in the whole creation.

Untamed youths, for want of good Tuition,
Plunge into Shoreleſs, Soundleſs, Seas of Vice;
But to Ingenious Lads, Learnings Fruition,
Is a Soul-chearing, fruitful Paradice.
The one produces nought but weeds and Tares;
All delectable Fruits the other bears.

W.

Wiſdom deſcends from the bright Orbs above,
To Teach her Children how to live in Love.
Whoſe, where, and what thou art, conſider well:
And think on Death and Judgment, Heaven and Hell.
When pleaſing *Zephyrus* ſalutes us, we
For Bluſt'ring *Boreas* ſhould preparing be.
Who Writes, or Paints, or Carves; or, *& quid non*;
Where is the Man that thinks himſelf out-gon?
Who Idolize themſelves, themſelves defame,
And when they gape for Honour, meet with ſhame.
What ſignifie vaſt Piles of well-wrote Books,
To him that on them, but not in them looks.
Why vainly Learn we what we muſt unlearn,
And mind Concerns, which do not us concern.
Who waits for others Shoes (it is well known)
Had need to keep a Coblar for his own.

Who mind their Business well, may spare with ease,
Some hours for Recreation, when they please.
Who gives thee Learning, acts a Nobler Deed,
Than he that doth thy Body Cloath and feed.
Who in their Youth refused to be taught,
To numerous Endammagements are brought.
Who's, *ab origine*, a faithful Friend,
Honour commands to hold out to the End.
What we can suffer for that Friend is small,
Who once was pleas'd to suffer for us all.
Well to consider how ill Husbands fare,
Would make a man bad husbandry forswear.
When Friends we need not, than our Friends abound;
But when we want Friends, then few Friends are found.
While here Mortality doth us invest,
The best of Men will prove but men at best.
Why should the Drunkard strive his Acts to smother,
Drink runs but from one Hogshead to another.
Wine, Women, Cards and Dice, with Hawks and Hounds,
Reduce mens vast Estates to Lesser bounds.
When Men make Presents to the best of Kings,
They wisely should present the best of Things.
Wealth pampers Pride and Luxury, till they
Their liberal Master to the Grave betray.
When to the World you others faults make kown,
Ingeniously reflect upon your own.
What would poor Man without Gods mercies be?
Alas! but a sad Map of Misery.

When I a Servant had, I had one then:
When two, I had but half a one; and when
I had three Servants, I had none at all.
Thus was I serv'd, by one, two, three, and all.

Why hope you for your Friend's large Legacy,
He makes his Will; but not his will to dye.

What Difficulty can we undertake,
Where true Affection will not conqueſt make?

What ſignifie the Warrier's daring Pains,
If prudence keeps not what his Valour gains.

Who makes his Mark the Moon, much further he
May ſhoot, than he that levels at a Tree.

Who knows how ſoon an interpoſing Cloud,
May from our view, our ſmiling Sun-beams ſhroud.

What Things by ſtudious care a man does find,
In curious Arts, lodge longeſt in the mind.

When Lands and Friends are gone, and Wealth takes wing,
Then Learning's priz'd, then Learning's a brave thing.

Where Beauty, Virtue, and true grace do meet,
The harmony is admirably ſweet.

Worth, to baſe minds is Envies propagation:
But in Heroick Souls gains Emulation.

Who would build Honours Temple large and high,
Muſt, for foundation, take Humility.

Wealth, Pleaſure, Life it ſelf, all move beneath,
The ſphear, where Fame perfumes their Glories breath.

Where Reaſon, Will and Power, all comply
With heavenly wiſdom, there's rare Harmony.

Where Education doth adorn
The Minds of Children Nobly Born,
They ſeem of an Angellick Race.
But where good Education wants,
To be Engrafted in young Plants,
It renders them extreamly baſe.

Who of his Buſineſs makes a Recreation,
Is in the way to Wealth and Reputation.
But who a Buſineſs makes of Recreation,
May bid adieu to Wealth and Reputation.

What without Care and Pains can we effect,
Whoſe Excellency may deſerve reſpect?

X

XEnophon writes, that even the Gods above,
Delight with men, in Friendſhips Orb to move.

Xerxes, from a ſteep Mountains lofty Brow,
Survey'd his hundred thouſand Men below;
And wept, to think that in an Age they All
By the impartial hand of Death muſt fall.
But, after this vaſt Army did Engage,
Few dayes diſpatch'd the Buſineſs of an Age.

Xenocrates did prudently divide,
Into proportionable parts, each day;
Which parts particularly, he apply'd;
And One, wherein to ſtudy what to ſay
He did aſſign; which gives us information,
Wiſely to uſe mature Premeditation.

Y

YOu Parents, who your hopes on Children place,
Teach them betimes to run in Virtues Race.

Your precious Time wisely to day imploy,
Who knows what he to morrow may enjoy?

You want what you desire, but let this serve,
That you enjoy far more than you deserve.

Your Talent came from a Celestial Donor:
Endeavour to improve it to his Honour.

Your want of high-flown Ingenuity,
By constant Care, and Industry supply.

You'l find, when you their Vizor-Masks remove,
Such as are shameless, seldom blameless prove.

Yield not to sleeps intoxicating Charms;
Rowze up, and vanquish him by force of arms.

Your Conscience keep serene, and fear not then,
The most Calumnious, Envious Tongues of men.

Your Tongue command, to the command of Reason:
Know when to speak, and when to spare, in Season.

Your Memory store with Philology,
And all the various sorts of History.

You Mammonists, in what plight shall we find you,
When Death says, Come, and leave your Bags behind you.

You Parents, who a happy Crop would Mow;
Betimes, in Children, Virtues Seeds must Sow.

Your Friend, at first to Council deaf; do you
That worthy Office, to perswade, renew.

Yet Providence presents fair Opportunities,
Which you may take and Live, and Thrive, if you be wise.

Your Memory with choiceſt Treaſures Store:
Thieves cannot make the Rich in knowledge, poor.

You that lye wind-bound in the port of Sorrow,
May be ſet free, by a freſh Gale, to morrow.

Young Impudence, ſuffer'd to run to Seed,
Will ſpoil the Stock, and poyſon all the Breed.

You muſt accompt for't, 'tis to be preſum'd,
Who have in paſs-time your time paſt conſum'd.

Your Arts, your Parts, your Wiſdom, and your Worth,
Are out of Faſhion; Coyn's the God o'th' Earth.

Your Body, Feed, Cloth, Comfort, and ſupply;
Yet let your Soul maintain the Soveraignty.

Youthful Diſcretion is a true preſage,
In moſt, of Learned, honourable Age.

Young men, have ever more a ſpecial Care,
That Feminine Inchantments prove no Snare.

You here, our choiceſt Monograms may ſcan,
Where man is fairly pictur'd forth to Man.

Yeſterdays Loſs, ſtrive to repair to day;
Let your ſwift Will run equal to your power:
A Traveller that rides out of his way,
Loſes two hours, in riding but one hour.
And if he turns not, by Directions force,
He may loſe more, and tire himſelf and Horſe.

Your prudent providence let Arts engage;
In Summer, mind the Winter of your Age.

Z

Zeno, by Silence, made the Follies known
Of others, and thereby conceal'd his own.

Zeal without Knowledge doth the Judgment taint;
Although the Zelot thinks himself a Saint.

Zenobia reigns as Empreſs o're choice Wits,
On Arts reſplendant Throne *Eugenia* Sits.

Zealouſly run for Virtues Crown of Bays:
Which having gain'd, preſent to Heaven the praiſe.

Zant, an *Ionian* Iſle, us Currans ſends,
With which we pleaſe our Palats and our Friends.

Zones, Lines and Tropicks the great World can bound;
But for the leſs no Limits can be found.

Zeuxes, was rare at Colours, and at Shapes;
So rare, that Birds peckt at his painted Grapes.

Zephyrus, now our Roſes hath full blown,
And now their fragrant Glories forth are flown;
And now to the wide World they ſhall be known.

Zeal mounts the Soul above the rapid Sphears;
And, even th' Inviſible, to Faith, appears.

Zenith's the higheſt point of Fortunes wheel;
From whence her Favorites muſt fall that reel.

Zealouſly prove true honeſty's true Friend,
For that will prove beſt Policy i'th' End.

—Zeal for the Publick Good made me Engage,
Thus to new file this rusty Iron Age.

Zoylus, and *Momus*, with their numerous Train,
Will view these Operations, and complain,
That Ink, which might have drawn forth Nobler Lines,
Should be imploy'd in these, so mean Designs.
Let *Zoylus* carp; let *Momus* bark; let all
Their vast Retinue spit their Spleen and Gall:
While Sun, and Moon, the day and Night command,
These Lines their Authors Monuments shall stand.

FINIS.